And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And ſay, Commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue ſpoke, and more he ſaide,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſht for the ſound,
And ſo the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghoſt.

War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.

He dyes.

Oxf. Come Noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreate be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be forewarn'd, and ſaue themſelues by flight.
That done, with them weell poſte vnto the Queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.

Exit ambo.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with Soldiers.

Edw. Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames;
I meane thoſe pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Somerſet are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

Edw. We are aduertiſde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their courſe towardes Tewksbury:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way:

And